

work thrives under Brother Reed's faithful efforts.

At Lathrop our services are well attended. Brother Milo Wolfe is showing himself a "workman that needeth not to be ashamed" in the management of Sunday-school. At present he and the other members of the school are arranging for a Christmas entertainment. Sister Waddle, as president of S. S. C. E. is showing the spirit of perseverance which comes from the devotion with which she believes and strives to serve the Lord. Perseverance in a good cause is always commendable, and is bound to win. Brethren Holsinger and Beer are keeping ever at it with their literary work. When finished, that book will be a most valuable addition to our literature, and will deserve an honored place in every Brethren home. They are sparing no pains to make it first class in every particular. Say, have you sent to them the data concerning your congregation which they have asked? If not, get at it at once, for if the department of the history which is to be devoted exclusively to matters pertaining to the Brethren church, should not be as complete as it ought to be, it will fail only because our people have not done what they ought. Brother H. is putting his whole strength, physical, mental and spiritual into this work, and if we love the church, we can show it now by helping to collect the data of its earlier history into one volume, for future reference as well as immediate need. We intend to begin a revival meeting here on the 24. Remember it at the throne of grace.

At East Union things go on as usual. Brother and Sister Wolfe who were at the National Conference and afterward spent some time in the vicinity of Ashland, returned to us early in November and were heartily welcomed. We tried to hold a revival meeting here last month, but rain interfered so much that the effort had to be abandoned. Sister Nancy Salmon and family suffered a heavy bereavement recently in the death of an only daughter whom we buried on Thanksgiving day. Consumption claimed another victim, but still there is reason for thankfulness, for death has not the victory. East Union is peculiarly a place for funerals and has been for some years. Of the 34 funerals I have had during the last 2 years, 28 times have I gone to this place. The reason for this is that there is a fine cemetery here and the dead are often brought from long distances to be buried in it.

The work at Ripon has had no unusual experiences. The ladies of the village have undertaken to build a house of worship and I am sure they will succeed. Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Yapple and a host of determined and devoted women are working together, and by and by we shall move out of the hall in which we have so long been worshipping into more appropriate quarters. Brother Frederick seems slowly to be regaining his health, which fact makes us all glad. We had a peculiarly sad funeral here on Monday of this week. One of our most regular Sunday-

school boys, Samuel Nicewonger, was kicked in the face last Saturday by a pet horse and instantly killed. The family have the sympathy of all.

At Turlock we no longer worship in a hall. We have rented the unused M. E. church and it is now our home. Our congregations are large, as they have always been, and all departments of church work move on encouragingly. An S. S. C. E. was recently organized here by Mrs. Shively with eleven charter members and fully as many more intending to join. The Sunday school under the management of brother C. Ronk and a corps of able and willing assistants is doing good work. The K. C. have kept up meetings without a break since their organization. A recent wedding in this congregation was a happy event. Brother P. C. Nelson and sister Ruby C. Teller were the contracting parties. Both are very devoted members of and workers in the church and its adjuncts. God certainly will bless such a union.

Atwater mourns the departure of brother and sister E. B. Osborne and Sister Herod and daughter. Brother Osborne and wife having moved to Turlock and the latter family going south where the husband and father is teaching. A live Sunday-school is superintended by brother W. H. Osborne, and other work keeps pace.

California rejoices because of a delightful autumn and winter. There has been an abundance of rain and only two light frosts. These conditions have been favorable for vegetation of all kinds and the earth is heavily covered with a rich carpet of green. Spring flowers are appearing and all the landscape is beautiful as can be. "Oh, that man would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men."

MARTIN SHIVELY.

"A year to live in, to gain and give in;
A year for trying and not for sighing;
A bright new year! O, hold it dear!
For God who sendeth, he only lendeth!"

Short Sermon

They shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint. Isa. 40:31.

They shall mount with wings; they shall run; they shall walk! Is not this a strange descent in the scale of aspiration! To begin with the wing, then to subside into the run, and at last to settle down into the sober walk; it seems a process of decline. Nay, it is the true order of the spiritual life. When the spirit of Christ first enters my soul, it causes a fluttering of the wings. I am caught up in the rapture to meet my Lord in the air. The world with all its allurements fades in a far distance and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers; my faith, as yet, is but a flight. By and by I touch the solid earth, but only as the runner toucheth it, with swift and momentary step. The first flutter of the heart has subsided, but even the pace is not yet come; my faith is not weary, but it is running. At last the race itself subsides into the walk, and that world of common day which the wings of the spirit had scorned, becomes again compatible with the religious life; my faith can now face without fainting the things of common day. I have learned to walk with God.

And this, my soul, is the triumph of thy being. To be able to walk with God. Flight belongs to the young soul; it is the romance of religion. To run without weariness belongs to the lofty soul; it is the beauty of religion. But to walk and not faint belongs to the perfect soul; it is the power of religion. Canst thou keep thyself unspotted in the world? Canst thou walk in white thru the stained thoroughfares of men? Canst thou touch the vile and polluted ones of earth and retain thy garments pure? Canst thou meet in contact with the sinful and be thyself undefiled? Then thou hast finished thy course with joy—thou hast surpassed the flight of the eagle!—George Matheson.

God honors the lowly of earth who are loyal and true to him with richest blessing.

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